THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 12.

Expende Annibalem.

JUVENAL.

'THE tendency of measures, taken by a neutral state, for its own interest, which [measures] are not forbidden by the law of nations, is not a just cause of complaint, or of quarrel, or of rupture.'—Such is one of the '*clear* and *just* positions' of the National Intelligencer, preceding an attempt at 'a *calm* and *correct* review of some principal circumstances in the history of the conduct of Great-Britain, towards neutrals, during the last fourteen years;' and, by the assistance of which *calm and correct review*, 'it is desired, to animate the American people to a perseverance in right, and to dissuade our British friends from all repetitions of wrong.'

I will subsequently review the calm and correct reviewer; but, in the first instance, I propose to pay a more than *cursory* attention, to the clear and just position that I have been at the pains to transcribe.

This position is conversant in three topics of inquiry; the rights of neutrals, the rights of belligerents, and the law of nations. With respect to the law of nations, I must observe, that it is for information only, and not for decisions, that I look into Grotius, Puffendorf, or Vattel. The law of nations means, either the practice, or the rights, of nations; the practice I hold to be obligatory upon none; the rights, upon all. But, if the rights of nations be obligatory upon all; if every nation may lawfully be required to respect, to give place to, the rights of another, and if there be no inequality in this respect; if, in short, the belligerent and the neutral stand on the same ground; then, what becomes of the '*clear* and *just* position?'—'The tendency of measures, taken by a *neutral* state, for *its own interest*, is not a just cause of *complaint*, or of *quarrel*, or of *rupture*.'—I confess, that I have some doubts of the justice of this clear and just position; I confess, that it does appear to me in the shape of a possible case, that measures, or the tendency of measures, may be a just cause of the soft efforts of *complaint*, the warmth of *quarrel*, or even the violence of *rupture*; but, setting hypothesis aside, and taking it as we find it, what becomes of it, clear and just as it is?

The rights of all nations, and of nations in all conditions, are of equal validity; and, therefore, the validity of the rights of a belligerent is equal to that of the rights of a neutral: it follows, that if the tendency of measures, taken by a neutral state, for its own interest, is not a just cause of complaint, of quarrel, or of rupture, then, by the strictest necessity, 'The tendency of

measures, taken by a *belligerent* state, for its own interest, is not a just cause of *complaint*, or of *quarrel*, or of *rupture*.' The question therefore is, what *cause* of *rupture*, *quarrel*, or *complaint*, can America allege against Great Britain?—Great Britain is a *state*, a *state belligerent;* a *state belligerent* has equal rights with a *state neutral;* and, to dispense, therefore, with a needless adjective, the position is, that 'the tendency of measures, taken by a state, for its own interest, is not a just cause of complaint. What just cause of complaint, then, is there against Great Britain? We have, to be sure, a very important clause, prescribing, that the measures taken by the state, must be such as are *for its own interest;* but, is Great Britain to be charged with taking measures that are not *for its own interest?* or, does the 'law of nations' invest, in foreign states, 'a just cause of complaint, or of quarrel, or of rupture,' when a state takes measures not *for its own interest?*

For the sake of simplification, I have forborne to repeat that other clause of the position, by which it is provided, that the measures, the tendency of which is no just cause of complaint, &c. must be such as 'are not forbidden by the law of nations.' My view of the law of nations is already before my reader; and, according to this, the clause is not essential: a measure forbidden by the law of nations must be one contravening the natural or conventional rights of nations; and, that a measure, against which there is no just cause of complaint, must be of this description, it cannot, I think, be necessary to premise.

But, as I have hinted, I am far from allowing, that this *clear* and *just* position is so *just* as it is *clear*. I deny that the tendency of measures, taken by a neutral *or belligerent* state, for its own interest, though not forbidden by the law of nations, *cannot be* a just cause of complaint, or of quarrel, or of rupture. I deny it, whether my denial go to favour the arguments of Great Britain or of America. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.* I can see, indeed, that the assertion of it is made with a view to the support of American pretensions; but, I take a higher and a better ground: I deny it, in the name of universal reason.

The argument of the reviewer is one of that unfortunate class, which proves too much. By its assertion, it is intended to be made out, that no acts, no pursuits (acts and pursuits consistent with the natural or conventional rights of America) can furnish just cause of *complaint*, or of *quarrel*, or of *rupture*, to Great Britain; and I have shown, that, admitting this, it must follow, that no acts, no pursuits, consistent with the natural or conventional rights of Great Britain, can furnish just cause of *complaint*, of *quarrel*, or of *rupture*, to America. But, both the one and the other of these propositions are false. *Whenever the acts or pursuits of any country, however consistent with the natural or conventional rights of that country, interfere with the acts or pursuits of another country, consistent with the natural or conventional rights of that other country, there is just cause of complaint, and there may be just cause of quarrel, and of rupture.*

Among the natural rights of nations, are *neutral rights;* and I hope I shall be allowed to add, that there are also *belligerent rights*. The rights of a belligerent are those of taking all measures that can overthrow, or tend to overthrow, his enemy. These are the lawful, the moral, the unimpeachable rights of war; the rights of a belligerent; and the rights of a belligerent, we have seen, are as sacred as those of a neutral. But, is it not easily supposable, that these rights, sacred as they are, may interfere with others no less sacred? in other words, that the rights of a belligerent may clash with those of a neutral? I will give a familiar example. I find that, during market-hours, chains are stretched across those streets which open on the market-place. By the use of these chains, much convenience is afforded to the dealers and frequenters of the market. To stretch them across the street, therefore, is an unimpeachable market-right. On the other hand, I also have a right, alike unimpeach-

able, to spur my palfrey, at all hours, upon my lawful business, through every street of this good city, without let or hindrance. Is it not obvious then, that the market-right, however unimpeachable, clashes with the passenger's right, equally unimpeachable? and does not this clash, of rights equally unimpeachable, occur throughout the whole social system? and is not the *control* of such rights alike the object of the reign of violence and of the reign of law?

I delay no longer to assume, as an incontrovertible position, that *the rights of a belligerent are those of taking all measures that can overthrow, or tend to overthrow, his enemy.* Such measures, I might say, cannot but belong to the class so favourably treated by the reviewer; they must be measures, considered at least, *for the interest* of the state by which they are taken; and the state, I presume, is to be allowed another little right, that of judging of its own interest. But, neither these *measures*, nor the *tendency* of these measures, according to the argument put into my hands, *can be a just cause of complaint, or of quarrel, or of rupture.*

Willing, however, to have a better argument then this, and believing myself not hardly pushed for it, I venture to detain the question still from rest. Among the natural rights of a neutral, that of a free commerce is, at the least, as indisputable as the rest. A neutral has a natural right to sail to what port he will, to carry what goods he will, uncoerced, unquestioned, by any man: in a word, to the unmolested enjoyment of all his natural prerogatives. But, so have I, to spur my palfrey, from one end of Third-street, to the other. The passage of me and my palfrey, however, is incompatible with the market-right; and the right of a neutral may be incompatible with the right of a belligerent.

In this state of the argument, I shall take leave to make, what I think, a leading remark. Those who talk of the rights of neutrals are in danger of falling into the same error with those who, some time since, talked of the rights of man, unalienable and imprescriptible. God forbid that I should discredit in man, or in neutral nations, the existence of rights, unalienable and imprescriptible! but, the sophism consists in this, that it is forgotten, that all the rights of one cannot be allowed, to the prejudice of all the rights of another. Pursued under this delusion, the practical consequence can only be, the violation of rights on this side, for the undue gratification of those on that. The claim of neutral rights, therefore, may be carried to such an extent, as to rank, in theory among the errors, and in practice among the crimes, of the age in which we live.

Now, what is that neutral right of America, which Great Britain attempts to control? precisely that on the indefeasible nature of which I have insisted, her free commerce. And, why does Great Britain attempt to control it? because it interferes with her *belligerent right*, the belligerent right of overthrowing her enemy. Nothing can be more clear than the neutral right; but is that right more clear than the belligerent?

The question here reduces itself, I think, to a very narrow compass. We find two rights, equally just in their origin, but incompatible in their exercise. Are we at a loss for a determination? Can we be so rash as to say, that because they are equally just in their origin, therefore they must be equally just in every subsequent view? This is sophistry. Our judgment is to be guided, not by any view of a part of the circumstances, but by that of the whole. It is the whole of the circumstances that make the case. The original justice is but a part.

The truth is, that were we to proceed upon abstract principles, we should never make an end. They weigh the same on either side. Says the one, unless I control the commerce of the neutral (that commerce benefiting my enemy), I surrender a part of my belligerent rights; a surrender which cannot be reconciled with common sense, and which would bring into disrepute my understanding. Says the other, unless I persist in a free commerce (that

commerce benefiting myself), I surrender a part of my neutral rights, &c. &c. Each, too, contends, that its measures, and the tendency of its measures, are *for its own interest*, and therefore no just cause of complaint, or of quarrel, or of rupture.

In such an extremity, what is to be done? I know of no appeal, except to affection, to accommodation, or to force. Affection would command the belligerent to abandon, not his right, but the exercise of his right, in favour of the neutral, or the neutral, in favour of the belligerent. Accommodation, mutual sacrifices; and force, give *all* to the strongest.

Thus far, I have been at issue with the principle of the reviewer; with his *clear* and *just* position: I am now to meet his facts; his *calm* and *correct* review. How far the review is *correct*, and how far it is to his purpose, we shall not be long without discerning; its calmness requires some previous explanation. If calmness consist in the use of *holiday and lady terms*, such as *our British friends*, and *kinder nations*, the reviewer has the heart of a lamb, and his ink is without gall; but, if, to be calm, a man must be dispassionate, if his feelings should be *in equilibrio;* then the review and the reviewer are any thing but calm. It is not enough that he expresses, or breathes, every thing disadvantageous to the character of Great Britain, as it respects her conduct toward America, but he volunteers his decision upon that toward France, in the great question of the origin of the war of the French revolution. A decision of no manner of importance, as it respects the neutral rights of America; but of much, as it discovers to us his own temper.

The review contains the recapitulation of certain acts, done by Great Britain, in the exercise of the real or pretended rights of a belligerent; real, as I maintain, on the principle I have already laid down; pretended, as it must be the object of the reviewer to show.

From all benefit, however, of my doctrine of belligerent rights, I first formally and solemnly exclude the British act of impressing, on board American vessels; and I am decidedly of opinion, that every person engaged in the perpetration, or attempt at perpetration of, that act, ought to be made amenable to the American tribunals, on a charge, according to circumstances, of *assault*, or of *assault and battery*. Nothing but the want of force, to put the law into execution, can be assigned for its neglect. The offence is definite, and undeniable.

I separate the act of impressing from that of controling neutral trade, whether by blockade, suspension, detention, or capture; and, while I support the second, I pass the most unqualified condemnation on the first. That I may place this question on grounds satisfactory to myself, on grounds which, in my own judgment, cannot be shaken; I shall state the arguments on which I rely, and which are not always those of the reviewer.

'Our injuries,' under this head, says the reviewer, 'are incessant, and infinitely vexatious.'—Of this there cannot be a doubt; and the only remedy is in the total abolition of the practice.

I. 'Black men, who could not be mistaken for British subjects, have been impressed out of our vessels.'—Black men may be British subjects. The jet of the argument is, that they 'have been impressed out of *our* vessels.'

II. —'Also, men of various foreign nations, whose pronunciation proved they were not British.' Many British subjects have a foreign language for their native tongue; many others can speak a foreign language and affect a foreign accent. I do not mean to deny, that British officers commit irregularities; but, the jet of the argument is, that these men 'have been impressed out of *our* vessels.'

III. 'Our own citizens, with written protections, have been impressed out of *our own* vessels, in a foreign port.'—'Foreign seamen, with foreign protections, from their own neutral governments, have been pressed from on board *our* vessels.'—'British officers undertake to pronounce upon the insufficiency of our official protections, which are not counterfeit: they say, they are issued

upon wrong ground, or insufficient evidence. If so, it lies with the British government, to treat with ours for remedy; not with a British naval officer, to pronounce upon a certificate of our collectors, issued on lawful evidence. If there is an evil, or a wrong, we ought to be ready to correct it; but an officer of the British navy cannot annul the acts of our civil officers, on prescribed and formal evidence. Let a British officer do what he may, lawfully, we are to respect his commission, and seek redress of his government. So of our officers.'—This is all very right; but certain observations present themselves, evincing, that to dwell on abuses is to weaken the argument. Our business is with the act itself, in its purest form; for, if the act be sufferable, its abuses are very excusable.

'Our own citizens, with written protections, have been impressed.' Lower down, it is charged, that 'natives of foreign countries [not British], naturalized in America, have been impressed;' but natives of foreign countries, *naturalized in America*, are, I presume, our own citizens; so that this is no additional grievance. 'Foreign seamen, with foreign protections, have been impressed,' and 'British officers undertake to pronounce upon the insufficiency of *our* official protections,' and, generally, I suspect, of *all* protections. Now, on the other hand, it appears, on the face of the record, that there are such things as *counterfeit* protections, and does any man suppose, that there are not official protections, 'issued upon wrong ground, or insufficient evidence? On the one side, it is intolerable that a foreign officer should not pay the most unqualified respect to the official acts of an independent state; on the other, I believe that the papers, purporting to be *seamen's protections*, too often deserve, from their intrinsic character, no respect at all. British officers must *cease* to *impress*, or they must impress according to their *judgment*, and they *will* impress according to their *pleasure*.

IV. Examples of peculiar hardship are nugatory.—1. 'Seamen have been impressed out of vessels in distress by leak, though turned away from a near blockaded port, and though they had protections.'—2. 'Vessels, manifestly short-handed, have been weakened more by impressment.'—3. 'Seamen have been impressed within our own jujurisdiction.'—4. 'Impressed Americans have been brought into our ports in British ships, and forcibly carried away by them.'— 5. 'Our neutral seamen have been induced sometimes, and sometimes impressed, into the service of Great Britain, when she was at war with our allies, or with powers with which we were at peace.'—6. 'The mere and strict right of search for enemies' goods, and contraband of war, and for military enemies, is often used to effect impressments of seamen from American vessels.'—7. 'Impressments are often accompanied by rudeness and violence, and abuse of our country, nation, and government, from the officers of the British crown.'—Not a tittle of this adds any thing to the strength of the case, which must be derived *à priori*, and not from any particular facts. 1. It is impossible to be accountable for the brutality of *petty pelting officers*, who *wield Jove's thunder*. It is equally impossible to calculate on the degree in which those who are injured will sometimes magnify the story of their wrongs. As to the rest, it involves the question of protections, which we have already discussed, and that of the right of blockade, which is not before us. 2. If the act of impressing be right, then the 'manifest' short-handedness of the vessel is beneath consideration. A short-handed British frigate, or a British frigate in behalf of a short-handed British navy, may impress from a short-handed American. 3. It is silly to talk of Americans impressed 'within our own jurisdiction.' The deck of an American ship, unless when in a foreign port, is *always* 'within our own jurisdiction.' 4. That impressed Americans, brought into our ports, should be carried away again, and that, if they will not go voluntarily, they should be carried away forcibly, are but natural consequences. 5. That 'our neutral seamen'

should sometimes be *induced* to enter the service of Great Britain, when she is at war, cannot be much more reprehensible, that the British *belligerent* seamen are sometimes induced to enter the service and the employ of America; and that they are sometimes *impressed*, when she is at war, &c. is no aggravation of the evil, because, 'neutral seamen' do not fall faster than others amid the enemy's shot, nor suffer more in his prisons. 6. If the act of impressing be right, that it is often effected through the medium of the right of search, &c. is not worth a moment's attention. 7. That *impressing* should be accompanied by *rudeness*, and *violence*, is no more than I always conjectured; and that *rudeness*, and *violence*, should be accompanied by *abuse*, is a fact which, though set in the emphatic place of the reviewer's array, ought not to exceed our most moderate calculation. Even the reviewer himself, who, so far from being *rude* and *violent*, is *calm* and *correct*, is not a little *abusive*, as we shall yet see.

V. But, if these arguments be weak, there is one, employed by the reviewer and by others, against which I must altogether protest.—'British seamen, under a written contract to perform a lawful peace-voyage, in an American vessel, have been impressed.'—'A commander of a British ship of war has no right to break a legitimate contract for service, and money, in a neutral ship.' —'Nor has such British officer a right to impress a British passenger from an American ship, in which, and to the captain of which, he is under a contract, as a passenger, for money.'—I have brought together these several propositions, because they have but one principle, that of the denial of a right to break in upon the terms of a contract between a British subject and the master of an American ship. Now, in point of fact, the question on the contract is altogether of a subordinate character. The true point to be settled is, whether Great Britain claim, and other nations acknowledge, such a right of property, in the persons of those born her subjects, as shall authorise her to seize them, wherever they are to be found. If she have, then she may seize them on the decks of American ships, as well as in all other places; if she have not, (and I contend that she has not) then she ought not to attempt, and ought not to be suffered, to impress on board an American vessel; but, what is said of the contract is gross nonsense: for, if the right be allowed, the contract is superseded. It is by the validity of the right that we must try the validity of the contract. If the right exist, the British subject is not in condition to make the contract; the contract from the beginning is null; and the American captain, who acts upon it, acts at the risk of seeing the man, with whom he contracts, rendered utterly unable to perform his part of the obligation: the man is not a free agent. 'A British commander,' says the reviewer, 'has no right to break a legitimate contract for service, and money, in a neutral ship;' but, here, it is assumed that the contract is legitimate, while the British officer, if he act upon any principle at all, acts upon this, that the contract is *not* legitimate; that the seaman, or passenger, being a British subject, has no power to enter into such a contract as shall preclude his services to his country. If this principle be just, a British commander has the same right to break this contract, &c. as a magistrate has to break a contract for service and money, entered into by an apprentice, or to annul, that is, to declare null, a marriage, entered into, while a previous marriage-contract is still in force. All that the reviewer has deduced from the incontested position, that 'the passenger-trade is lawful,' is answered by what I have now said; and not less so, the ridiculous argument lately offered in another newspaper, where an attempt is made, to set the contract of seamen to perform the voyage, and the contract of the captain with the shipper, to deliver his freight to the consignee, upon the same footing; and to infer, that to break the contract of the seamen, is the same as for the captain to break that by which he is engaged. Not a thought is given to this essential difference, that, in the

one case, the contract is broken by him who is a party to that contract, and in the other, by him who is no party, who has never consented to be bound by it, and who does no more than still refuse; who says, that he has paramount rights, which the contract can neither abrogate nor alter.

But, has a government, over its subjects, these paramount rights? Has it this property in their persons? Can it compel them to return within its jurisdiction? or, can it stretch its jurisdiction as far as they can fly?—However enormous such pretensions may appear, as viewed under this aspect, I believe it will be found that they are not unjust, and that the present argument must not be suffered to depend upon the notion that they ought not to exist. We cannot but recollect, that in every case, in which the *protection* of his government is concerned, the subject contends for its jurisdiction, for its interest in his person, and its disposal of his fortunes. In how many cases, in a foreign country, does not a subject make this appeal? Nor is the principle less acknowledged in the case of offenders, whose subjection is never supposed to be diminished by their distance from the limits of their governments, but who, on this ground alone, are exposed to the coercion of the law, from governments which they have never offended; and, by dint of that coercion, delivered, as subjects, to their parent state. The paramount rights, therefore, of a government over its subjects must be acknowledged; but what is incontrovertible is, the absence of every right, in virtue of which it can stretch its jurisdiction, not over the persons of its subjects, but over the jurisdictions of another government. It is herein, and not in written, counterfeit, or official protections, granted on wrong grounds or right, on insufficient evidence, or sufficient; but herein consists the true protection of every man, in an American vessel. In an American vessel, be he a native of what shore he may, he is within the American jurisdiction, he is subject to its laws, he is entitled to its *protection*; a protection in which it cannot fail, or which it cannot withhold, but either through baseness, or weakness, or folly.—The contract, therefore, is good; and the British officer, that is, the British goverment, has no right to seize a British subject, found on board an American vessel; not because it has no right to do that which is contrary to the terms of a contract by which it is not bound; not because it has no right to seize and enforce the services of its subjects; but, because it can have no jurisdiction, otherwise than so far as it shall be allowed by convention, on the land, or on the waters, or in the vessels of subjects, of any other government.

VI. What I have here said, nevertheless, must not be made to cover the unwarrantable 'position, that no lawfully-contracted seaman, or passenger, *British*, American, or foreign, can be impressed while on board of, or taken from, an American ship, and sea captain, even within the proper jurisdiction of Great Britain.' To be within the proper jurisdiction of Great Britain, the American ship must be within some one of her ports, harbours, or waters; and to say, that a government has no jurisdiction over its own subjects, within its own jurisdiction, is too monstrous! No private contract can destroy the right of a government to exercise this jurisdiction. In what previous instance, was any man so insane as to dispute the right of a government to coerce its own subjects, within its own ports, harbours, and waters? Will the reviewer allow an English sheriff's officer, to arrest an English debtor, or an English police-officer to seize an English culprit, on board an American vessel, in an English harbour, although the debt should not be due to an American captain, nor the culprit charged with murdering an American seaman? If he will, he must allow the competence of the British government to exercise in a similar manner all its other acts of jurisdiction. He has no business with the legality or illegality of the impress-service; that is for the British nation to consider, and not the foreigners who visit it. The arrest of a debtor, and

the impress of a sailor, or passenger, are equally acts of the crown: in the one case legalised, and in the other tolerated; and, if an American vessel be justly within reach of the crown in the first instance, it is equally so in the second.

VII. I make no answer to many other inconsiderate observations of the reviewer; but hasten to join him, where we cordially agree, in the general position:—'But the law, and reason, and policy, on the whole subject, are, That there can be no impressment of seamen, or passengers, on board American vesels;' with the exception, I add, of British seamen, or passengers, the vessel being within the British jurisdiction.

I have been thus strict in my analysis of the arguments of the review, even where I approve of the conclusion, for two reasons; first, because, as I have already intimated, I would commit the truth to the world, unincumbered with the weight of sophistry, which is a companion of no recommendation; and secondly, because I wish to convince my reader, that all regulations in this case are futile; that it is the principle which is wrong; and that all arguments, drawn from the practice are unworthy of consideration.

The right of the American government to all the prerogatives of jurisdiction, is a broad, firm and manly ground. I would not have it narrowed, weakened, nor disgraced. I would stand upon it, without shrinking, and without fear. If America be too weak to resist, her hopes can only be in the mercy of the strong; but, if she have arm, and nerve, and heart, here is a post she must not leave. She will never have done justice to herself, till, disdaining to issue her paper-protections (protections of which she must herself be ashamed) she can point to her flag, and say, that is her *seaman's protection*.

It was my intention to oppose to the arguments of the reviewer, on the subject of impressing, the words of the more solid, because less complex, ones of a recent English writer, the author of a pamphlet in which every thing desired by America is defended. My paper, however, is already of considerable length, and my design may be relinquished. I have not the pamphlet at hand; but, if my memory does not deceive me, the writer and myself are agreed, with respect to this topic, except in one particular. I believe, that he rejects the right of Great Britain to impress, on board American ships, under an apprehension that her jurisdiction over her subjects is lost by their removal; whereas, I prefer the principle, that she can have no jurisdiction, nor, except by sufferance, can do any act, within the jurisdiction of another government. I have shown, I think, that the first argument is not altogether beyond the reach of controversy, a disadvantage to which the latter does not appear to me to be exposed.

On what regards, then, the *persons* on board American ships, the reviewer and myself are, in the main, of one opinion. On blockade, and whatever regards the *trade* of neutrals, we differ widely. In truth, when the *cursory review* fell into my hands, I was preparing to open myself to my reader on the present general state of public affairs, my view of which commands me to describe the cause of Britain as that of every nation, except France herself; and to dissuade every people from a temper, hostile or even neutral, to her interests. I speak of France as aiming at universal monarchy, and of Great Britain, as counteracting that aim, a task in which she may be emphatically said, to 'make a stand, not for herself *only*, but for the whole world.' The object of the reviewer, meanwhile, is to represent Great Britain as the agressor, as well against France as against the United States; to vilify her character; to spread, in America, what France so industriously spreads in Europe, the cry of commercial monopoly, and the 'tyranny of the seas;' to raise a counter-alarm, of 'universal blockade,' and of British universal dominion. I have judged it advisable, therefore, to lay aside the paper I had intended for *this day*, till I shall have replied to the reviewer.

For the Port Folio.

REVIEW.

The Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth.

(Concluded, from page 330.)

The expulsion of the Medici happened on the ninth day of November, 1496. In 1496, the cardinal being then twenty-one years of age, the brothers made an attempt to regain their authority in the city of Florence. The Florentines, still anxious to recover the sovereignty of Pisa, were at this time involved in hostilities both with France and the emperor Maximilian, and distracted at home, by discordant opinions, and the inflammatory harangues of the monk Savonarola. Conceiving the opportunity to be favourable, the Medici projected an attack upon the city, in conjunction with their kinsman, Virginio Orsino. But, Virginio found the Florentines prepared; no attack was made; and, after plundering, for some time, the villages, for the sustenance of his troops, he abandoned the cause, joining the standard of the French, who were then on the point of being expelled from the kingdom of Naples. The Cardinal de' Medici, and his brother Giuliano, were now obliged to retire from Bologna, and seek shelter within the territories of Milan.

In the year 1501, at which time the Cardinal was in his twenty-seventh year, a fourth ineffectual attempt was made by the Medici. Piero applied to Cæsar Borgia, and Giuliano to Louis XII; but, both these personages had other views than the restoration of the descendants of Cosmo.

The names, that are more eminently conspicuous in this part of the history of the Medici, are Lodovico Sforza and Cæsar Borgia. Lodovico Sforza was the uncle of the rightful duke of Milan; and Cæsar Borgia, a cardinal, the second son of Pope Alexander VI; being one of several children born to him before he embraced the ecclesiastical life. The election of Alexander VI is represented, by our author, as the signal for flight, to such of the cardinals as had opposed his election; but, it appears also to have been the signal for the commencement of the cruelest woes in Italy.

History, so fruitful in tales of affliction, scarcely presents a more striking object of compassion than the unhappy Isabella. She saw her husband stripped of his dukedom; she saw him poisoned by the usurper: while he lay at the point of death, Charles VIII, his near relation (then on his march against Alfonsus, her father), indulged him with an interview, at which she threw herself 'at the feet of the monarch, to entreat his interference on behalf of her husband, and his forbearance towards her father and family; but the importunities of a daughter, a wife, and a mother, were lost on the depraved mind of Charles, and served only to excite the unfeeling remarks of his barbarian attendants.' After her husband's death, which soon followed, she 'was driven from the court of Milan, and obliged to take refuge in an obscure and sickly cell of the castle of Pavia. In 1499, Louis XII entered Milan, as sovereign, amid the acclamations of the people; but, amid these acclamations, the rightful duke (the son of Gian-Galeazzo and Isabella) fell into his hands, and he tore him from his mother, 'and sent him into a monastery in France; while Isabella herself, having witnessed the destruction of her husband and her children at Milan, returned to Naples, to behold that of her whole family!' When Louis took possession of Naples, she 'saw the completion of her ruin, in that of her royal relations.'

The ruin Mr. Roscoe here speaks of was that, however, of her princely estate. If she possessed the character we are taught to believe, and which we are fond of attributing to the unfortunate, we may conclude, that sorrow, long before, had set her above the reach of ruin such as this. She must have suffered too much, to be capable of suffering more. Her uncle, the dethroned sovereign of Naples, disgusted with the cares and dangers to which he had been exposed, sought for nothing but tranquillity; 'Louis acceded to his request, and an annual income of thirty thousand ducats, with the title of Duke of Anjou, secured to him opulence and repose during the remainder of his days.' May we not hope that Isabella, too, enjoyed all that repose which can reach her who has been plundered, or deprived, of all that is the wealth of life?

It is for the delight of the innocent, and the consolation of the oppressed, that the same page of history, which relates the maternal afflictions of Isabella, relates also the miserable death of Lodovico Sforza. We say the delight and the consolation; for that is a false philosophy which would teach us to view, with equal eye, the evils which the wicked suffer, and the evils which they inflict. As to Sforza, he perished, as he had lived, in the perpetration of mischief. 'There seems to exist in some persons,' says Mr. Roscoe, 'such a propensity to evil, as induces them to overlook the plainest dictates of their own interests, if they happen to be, as they generally are, in unison with morality and good faith.' This observation is a very just one; for nothing can be more certain, than that there are men who, in their propensity to evil, overlook the plainest dictates of their own interests: nor does it seem even very difficult to account for this, without having recourse, as is the practice with some readers, to the supposition of natural bias. It is our habits, which we can control, more than our natural bias, which we cannot, that deserve our attention; and are

commonly the seat of our errors. We are the creatures of habit; and, if a man acquire the habit of pursuing all his objects by the bye-ways of fraud, treachery, and chicane, it is no more wonderful that he should constantly use them, than it is, that the direct, honest, and open man, should be constantly direct, honest, and open. Both act by habit. We have seldom leisure to lay schemes of action, when the time of action comes; and, if we do lay schemes, to be performed according to some new plan of conduct, we commonly execute them wretchedly. The honest man finds it difficult, upon set occasions, to play the part of a rogue; as, for instance, to lie, or do a feat of legerdemain; and it is equally difficult to play, in spite of custom, the part of an honest man; so that, in a thousand instances, both the one and the other maintain their separate characters, through the mere difficulty of assuming its opposite; and difficulty always induces a disinclination to what is new, and an indolent continuance in what is old.—Thus much for the general importance of habits!

But, persons of this propensity to evil will overlook the plainest dictates of their own interest!—And, is it suspected that honest men are the only fools upon this earth?

Of the character of Alexander VI, and of his son, Mr. Roscoe, with the most laudable love of truth, is, in some points, the defender: the murder of the duke of Gandia he believes to be falsely attributed to the latter.

Our limits forbid us to pursue further the interesting particulars of this very excellent work; and we shall conclude our review with some observations on its general merits.

Mr. Roscoe's industry in research is sufficiently manifest; and, though, in the extracts we have made, the notes and references have been omitted, as unessential to our peculiar purpose, we should do injustice to the author, if we left it open to the reader to imagine, that the facts related are without the indispensible sanction of continual and precise notices of the authorities on which they are given. In point of arrangement, so essential a consideration in historical composition, Mr. R. is also entitled to our applause.

As a correct English writer, Mr. R's reputation is not unfounded; yet some errors have fallen under our observation, such as are the proper characteristics only of those of the humblest pretensions. It must be confessed, however, that correctness of language is the rarest qualification to be met with in any author; and that Mr. Roscoe, comparatively faultless, stands in an honorable rank.

Of Mr. Roscoe's style we cannot speak with equal pleasure. He is, at times, clear and unaffected; but, in many instances, he is an imitator, and not a skilful imitator, of Gibbon. He copies the structure of his periods, and too often runs into his obscurities. That Gibbon's style has its beauties, nobody can be more ready to acknowledge than ourselves; but, to say nothing of the faults of that writer himself, its influence upon many of his successors is deeply to be lamented. Its music is frequently beyond their efforts; its splendor they caricature with tinsel; it is its confusion, and neglect of precision, in which alone they commonly rival their pattern.

We might select many passages, more decidedly marked by the manner and faults of Gibbon; but the following, which occurs in the first page of the second volume, will show the vice into which Mr. R. is capable of falling. It comprehends one of his arguments, in defence of the character of Lucretia Borgia:

'Amidst the licentiousness that characterised the age in which she lived, the most flagrant charges acquire a probability which they could not in another period obtain; and among the vices of the times, calumny and falsehood have in general been at least as active as the rest.' Vol. II, 1.

What is the precise meaning of this sentence? In the first member, the author may wish to say, that 'Amidst the licentiousness *such as* that *which* characterised the age in which she lived, the most flagrant charges acquire a probability (that is, *receive a credit*) which they could not in another period obtain;' for it is one feature of a licentious age, to delight in, and receive with eagerness, the calumny that is invented: and this may agree with what follows, that, 'among the vices of the times, calumny and falsehood have in general been at least as active as the rest.'—We believe, however, that the intended meaning is as follows: 'Amidst the licentiousness which characterises the age in which she lived, the most flagrant charges acquire a probability which they could not in *the history of* another period obtain;' that is, that the mind, amidst a general picture of licentiousness, is prone to receive, with unusual credulity, every component feature.—But, in this case, the connection between the two propositions contained in the sentence, and united by the aid of the conjunction, is not so apparent. It is, indeed, altogether a distinct subject for reflection, that 'among the vices of the times, calumny and falsehood have, in general, been at least as active as the rest.'

Nor is the language of this second proposition less ambiguous than that of the first. After reading, '*Amidst the licentiousness* that characterised *the age* in which she lived,' the mind naturally regards, as the same thing,—'*among the vices* of *the times*;' and, accordingly, by '*the* times' is understood, '*those* times.' When, however, we have

proceeded further, and found, that 'among the vices of the times, calumny and falsehood *have*, in general, *been* at least,' &c. our notion of the sense changes, and we take '*the* times' for '*the present* times;' and when, upon reflection, we perceive that the writer means neither the one nor the other, but, in spite of the definite article, 'times,' indefinitely; when we find, that he means to say, 'among the vices of any given age, period, or time, calumny and falsehood have, in general, been at least as active as the rest;' though we admit the justice and value of the thought, we perceive distinctly the carelessness, or the affectation, of the phrase.

As an investigator of historical truth, we believe Mr. R's zeal, talents, and integrity, to be most fully entitled to our esteem; but, as a philosopher, we not only deny his conclusions, but sometimes suspect his capacity. His prejudices are not on the side of princes; and that spirit of sarcasm, which was in some measure the parent of Gibbon's style, and which he employed against priests, is here employed against kings; but, with the least force, and most aukward grace, imaginable. Because a king, in compliance with the prejudices of the multitude, consented to touch for the cure of the Evil, and thus affected to attempt what he could not do, Mr. R. in defiance of all logic, infers, that kings neglect what they can do; and, on another occasion, willing, no doubt, to demonstrate that kings, instead of curing evils, cause them, insinuates, if not asserts, that the *Mal de Naples*, or *Mal Franceze*, of which he has noticed the disputed origin, and of which the origin is still further disputed, originated in, or with, Charles VIII, on his expedition into Italy!

Of the merits of the present, and first, American edition, we can speak in favourable terms. The engravings place the merits of Mr. Edwin in a very respectable rank; and the typography, paper, &c. do great credit to the publisher. We have observed a few errors of the press; but none of that flagrant description which too commonly disgrace the printing of this country. *Montpensier*, the name of an ancient dukedom in France, is uniformly spelt *Mompensier:* this can hardly be attributable to the author; but there are some other points of orthography, considered by us as defects, of the proper owner of which we are more doubtful; among these, is, *visiter* for *visitor*. We have, also, *emperour*, and *governour*. We must not omit to say, that the Italian quotations are not always printed with accuracy; but, upon the whole, the imperfections of all kinds, that have presented themselves to us, in our slight perusal of this publication, are so trivial, as to leave us at full liberty to give it our warmest recommendation to the public.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

On the Style of Labruyere.

(*Concluded, from page* 365.)

This *quiet merit* presents to the mind a combination of very delicate ideas, capable, I think, of giving pleasure, in proportion as the taste is more susceptible, and more cultivated.

But, the greater effects in the art of writing, as in all the other arts, are produced by contrasts. It is the approximation, or the opposition, of sentiments and ideas, of forms and colours, which, mutually setting off each other, spread over a composition variety, motion, and life; and, perhaps, no writer has better understood, or better employed, this secret, than Labruyere. Many of his thoughts owe all their effect to contrast:—'There have been many young women 'who possessed virtue, sanctity, and fervor, and felt a call to a holy life; but 'who were not rich enough to enter a rich 'abbey, and make vows of poverty.'—This latter trait, so happily reserved for the conclusion of the sentence, to give the more force to the contrast, will not escape those who are pleased with observing, in the productions of art, the process of the artist. Instead of what we find, read, 'who were 'not rich enough to make vows of poverty, in a rich abbey;' and see, how much this trifling transposition, though perhaps more favourable to the harmony, weakens the effect, of the phrase! These are the artifices which the ancients sought so diligently, and which the moderns too much neglect: when we meet with examples in our fine writers, they appear, rather the effect of instinct than of reflection.

A beautiful expression has been cited from Florus, where he describes to us Scipio, yet an infant, who *grew for the ruin of Africa: Qui in exitium Africæ crescit.* This suppositious connection between two facts, naturally independent of each other, charms the imagination, and fixes the mind. Similar effects may be perceived from the following thought of Labruyere: 'While Orontes increases, with his years, his funds and his revenues, the daughter of some other family is born and reared, grows and is embellished by nature, and enters her sixteenth year: fifty himself, he demands her, young, beautiful, and sensible, in marriage; and this man, without birth, without wit, and without the least merit, is preferred to all his rivals.'

If, by a single extract, I desired to convey, at once, an idea of the great talents of Labruyere, and a striking example of the force of these contrasts in style, I would cite the following apologue, which contains the most eloquent of satires on the insolent and scandalous luxury of upstarts:— 'Neither

the troubles, Zenobia, that distract your empire, nor the war, which, ever since the death of the king your husband, you prosecute manfully against a powerful nation, has diminished any thing of your magnificence. You have preferred, to every other region, the banks of the Euphrates, on which to raise a superb edifice: the air is temperate, and the situation cheerful; a sacred wood shelters it on the west side; the gods of Syria, who sometimes dwell upon the earth, could not have chosen a more beautiful abode. The surrounding country is covered with men, who hew, or who cut, who go, and who come, who roll, or who draw, the timber of Libanus, and brass, and porphyry: cranes and other machines groan in the air, and inspire with hope those who travel toward Arabia, that, on their return to their homes, they shall see this palace finished, and in that splendor to which you wish it to reach, before it be inhabited by yourself, and the princes, your children. Spare nothing, mighty queen! lavish gold, and task the art of the most admirable workmen! Let the Phidias and Zeuxes of your age display all their skill upon your ceilings and your stair-cases: trace out vast and delicious gardens, the charms of which shall be such as not to let it be believed that they are of the hand of man: exhaust treasure and industry upon this incomparable work; and when, Zenobia, you shall have given it your last hand, one of the shepherds who inhabit the neighbouring sands of Palmyra, grown rich out of the tolls of your rivers, shall one day purchase, for ready money, this royal house, to embellish it, and render it more worthy of him and of his fortunes.'

If we examine with attention all the details of this beautiful picture, we shall see that it is prepared, disposed, and graduated, with infinite art, to produce a grand effect. How much dignity in the opening! how much importance bestowed on the project of this palace! how many circumstances brought together, to raise its magnificence and beauty! and, when the imagination is completely filled with the grandeur of the object, the author brings a *shepherd*, enriched *by the tolls of your rivers*, who buys, *for ready money*, this *royal house*, to *embellish it, and render it more worthy of him!*

It is very extraordinary, that a man, who has enriched the French language with so many new turns, and who made the art of writing so profound a study, should so often have left his style disfigured by negligence, and even by the faults which are charged upon the most inferior writers. His language is frequently embarassed; and he uses vicious constructions, and incorrect, and obsolete, expressions. It is visible, that he had still more imagination than taste; and that he sought rather for subtle and energetic turns, than for the harmony of periods.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

My friend Benserade, says Mons. Menage, had a witty and very singular method of expressing himself on every occasion. We were one day conversing on poetry, and he, commending his favourite bard, Adam Menusier, observed that no person since his time appeared capable of imitating him. Sir, says Benserade, the fellow climbed mount Parnassus with a ladder, and, when he had ascended, he drew it up after him.

I know not, says Menage, a greater pest in society than a babbler. I remember an epigram I made on the son of an apothecary who was an everlasting talker:

Filius albani Philodemus Pharmacopolæ
Instar mortani tinnet sine ferè paterni.

IMITATED.

Young Clyster's tongue, in noise abounding,
Like his paternal mortar rings.
In mixing heterogeneous things,
His pestle tongue is ever sounding.

The grateful Widow.

A pious lady had sent up her petition and made her offerings to St. Rabboni, supplicating the conversion of her husband. A few days after, the good man made his exit. The pious widow exclaimed, in a fervent tone, What an excellent and gracious saint is Rabboni! he even gives us more than we pray for.

The Duke d'Usez was considered a very good courtier, though a weak man. He was gentleman usher to the Queen. One day she asked the Duke what time of day it was? What time your majesty pleases. At another time, the Queen asked him when he expected his wife, the Duchess, to be brought to bed? Whenever your majesty pleases.

A canon of —— being very ill, the bishop of his diocese had disposed of his prebend. On his recovery from his illness, he absented himself more than the usual period of his visiting his diocesan. On being asked by some of his

friends the reasons of his conduct, the clerical wag replied, with the utmost gravity, that he was afraid the bishop might be angry with him for not dying the year before.

Father S——, says M. Menage, was happy in his turn for French rhymes; and I am sorry that the following verses of his to the King, asking him for a vacant benefice, did not succeed, as the living was already given away:

Nous avons, grand heros, deux desseins differens,
Vous de vaincre vingt rois et moi vingt concurrens;
Mais l'un de ces desseins est mieux conduit que l'autre:
Que cependant tout étoit bien,
Si vous me repondiez du mien,
Comme je vous reponds du votre!

IMITATED.

Most valiant sire, from rival kings to snatch
The sword of empire is your vast ambition;
From rival monks a benefice to catch
Is mine, as signified by this petition:
Tho' different our aims, yet ne'er the less
One point to each a common wish secures,
Pledge but yourself, great sir, for my success
With the same zeal that I would pledge for yours.

The above verses remind me of others, addressed by an eminent counsellor to a very pretty woman his client:

Si je ne gagne mon procès,
Vous ne gagnerez pas le vôtre:
Vous n'aurez pas un bon succès,
Si je ne gagne mon procès.
Vous avez chez moi libre accès,
J'en demande chez vous un autre:
Si je ne gagne mon procès
Vous ne gagnerez pas le vôtre.

IMITATED.

If what I ask, I cannot gain,
You also, ma'am, must plead in vain;
If I must lose the cause I plead,
Vain are your wishes to succeed:
Since you can see me, when you chuse,
My visits you should not refuse;
If what I claim you still deny,
You can no more succeed than I.

A gentleman lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady. "Not so," replied the gentleman, "for I vow you are as *plump* as a *partridge*." "At first," rejoined the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but now I find you actually make *game* of me."

Anacreon has addressed two Odes to the Swallow, the latter of which, arranged as the XV, agreeably to the Vatican MSS. Mr. Moore has most beautifully translated. The images in this highly finished version are as graceful as the Cupids of the schools of Italy:

Once in each revolving year,
Gentle bird! we find thee here.
When Nature wears her summer vest,
Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;
But when the chilling winter lowers
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours of verdure smile;
And thus thy wing of freedom roves,
Alas! unlike the plumed loves,
That linger in this hopeless breast,
And never, never change their nest!
Still every year, and all the year,
A flight of loves engender here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly;
While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
Cluster a thousand more desires;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping.
My bosom, like the vernal groves,
Resounds with little warbling Loves;
One urchin imps the other's feather,
Then twin desires they wing together,
And still as they have learn'd to soar,
The wanton babies teem with more,
But is there then no kindly art
To chase these Cupids from my heart,
No, no! I fear, alas! I fear
They will for ever nestle here.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

BY THE HON. C. J. FOX.

In Death's terrific icy arms
The brave illustrious Nelson lies;
He's free from care and war's alarms,
Sees not our tears, nor hears our sighs.
Cold is the heart where valour reign'd,
Mute is the tongue that joy inspir'd,
Still is the arm that conquest gain'd,
And dim the eye that glory fir'd.
Too mean for him a world like this!
He's landed on that happy shore,
Where all the brave partake of bliss,
And heroes meet, to part no more.

Whenever, says the sensible Huet, I receive lettters late in the evening, or very near the time of dining, I lay them by for another opportunity. Letters, in general, convey more bad news than good; so that, on reading them either at night, or at noon, I am sure to spoil my appetite, or my repose.

The original of the following lines may be found in Metastasio. Dr. Aikin has translated this Italian *morceau* with his usual excellence.

Gentle zephyr, as you fly,
Should you meet my lovely fair,
Softly whisper "you're a sigh,"
But do not tell whose sigh you are.

Limpid streamlet, should my dear
Cross your current as you flow,
Murmuring tell her "you're a tear,"
But not whose eyes had swoln you so.

An Assignation.—A celebrated actor, at Paris, lately received the following *billet doux* from a fine woman:—

"I have taken the grated box, No. 15, at the Theatre Français, for the night after to-morrow. If you will do me the favour to promise me "*Une Heure de Marriage*," and "*Le Secret*," &c.

The note unfortunately fell into the hand of the actor's wife, who sent back the following answer:—

"Madame, my husband is very much fatigued with playing "*Une Heure de Marriage*." You will see, of course, the first representation of *Rendez-vous Manqué;* but he promises you *Un Quart d'Heure de Silence*."

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO.

To an illiterate and unpoetical woman.

Unknown, unheeded, shalt thou die,
And no memorial shall proclaim
That once, beneath this upper sky
Thou hadst a being and a name.

For never to the Muse's bowers
Didst thou with glowing heart repair,
Nor ever intertwine the flowers
That Fancy strews unnumber'd there.

Doom'd o'er that dreary realm alone,
Shunn'd by each gentle shade, to go,
Nor friend shall sooth, nor parent own,
The child of sloth, the Muse's foe.

Ben Jonson's charming Anacreontic, "Drink to me only," is said to bear a strong resemblance to an epigram of Meleager, of which the following is a pretty close translation.

Farewel to wine—yet if thou bid me sip,
Present the cup more honour'd from thy lip,
Pour'd by thy hand to rosy draughts I fly,
And cast away my stern sobriety;
For, as I drink, soft raptures tell my soul,
That Julia left a kiss within the bowl.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

From our Cambrian correspondent P. we should be very happy to hear frequently. His manuscript we will very cheerfully inspect. "We have heard good words go along with its name."

The limitations, which S. deems necessary in satire, are too narrow. Pope asks his friend with great propriety,

And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown
Because the deed he forged was not my own?
Must never *patriot* declaim at gin,
Unless, good man, he has been fairly in?
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
Without a staring reason on his brows?
And each blasphemer, quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on man but God?

The fashionable style of our juvenile declaimers is exactly described by Petronius Arbiter:

Mellitos verborum globulos et omnia quasi papavere et sesamo sparsa. Qui inter hæc nutriuntur, non magis sapere possunt, quam bene olere qui in culina habitant.

The contrast between Ranger and Cacafogo reminds us of the following stanzas. We believe that, in the anomalous phrase book of Human Nature, we may find the pride of poverty as well as the pride of wealth:

Irus, tho' wanting gold and lands,
Lives cheerful, easy, and content,
Corvus, unblest with twenty hands
Employed to count his yearly rent!
Ye *Bank Directors!* tell me which
Of these you think possesses more;
One, with his poverty, is rich,
And one, with all his wealth, is poor.

Though Cowley has defined wit only by negatives, yet we are better satisfied with his poem than with that of "X." on the same subject. After all that has been advanced upon this copious theme, wit was never more justly described than in the ensuing simile:

True wit is like the brilliant stone,
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two various powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gift abounds,
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

Original letters from Dr. Smollet will always claim a conspicuous place in this Miscellany. We believe that the Historical Society of Massachusetts possess some fragments of the Doctor's correspondence, which have never been published. Their corresponding Secretary will greatly oblige the editor, by transmitting attested copies from these interesting originals.

Interesting Literary Memoirs and brief Biographies from the French, who are singularly successful in this charming walk of composition, will always command our attention and insure the applause of the public.

N. N. in his walks on the banks of the St. Laurence, at this genial season, may, with his powers of vision, discern all those brilliant forms "that glitter in the Muse's ray."

We shall be happy to hear again from Mr I, the admirer of the Italian lady, who, with a head more *mathematically proportioned* than most of her sex, gazes at the *heavenly bodies*, and regards the figures of geometry with more delight than the figures of the milliner.

To the respectable Mr. R. who is an excellent classic, we exclaim with Horace:

age, dic *Latinum*
Barbite carmen.

C's opinion of the peculiar genius of Anacreon Moore is not perfectly correct. Of Mr. Moore it may be truly said,

Liberum et Musas, Veneremque, et illi
Semper hærentem puerum canebat.

The hint from O. is taken; but we believe he is not ignorant that we have a sovereign contempt for the *vulgus infidum*. With a slight alteration of the Duke's words in Measure for Measure, the editor of this paper can, with truth, exclaim

——I *shun* the *people*,
And do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

"Flavia" would be more in character if she appeared to us in the guise of a good cook, than of a bad writer. If we know any thing of the nature of her genius, she is much better qualified to turn a beef-steak than a long period. We chuse to contemplate her not in the studious cloister, but in the smoaky kitchen.

There with many a sigh,
She turns the pancake, and she moulds the pie;
Melts into sauces rich the savoury ham;
From the crush'd berry strains the lucid jam;
Bids brandied cherries, by infusion slow,
Imbibe new flavour, and their own forego,
While, still responsive to each mournful moan,
The saucepan simmers in a softer tone.

"Young Robin" is quite callow, and his note as weak and twittering as might be expected from so unfledged a songster. It is impossible for us to exclaim, like the Boy in The Children in the Wood,

Sweetest bird that ever flew,
Whistle, *Robin*, loodle too.

The Translator of Moore's Greek Ode has, in more than one instance, caught the cadence of Parnell in his far-famed anacreontic.

"When spring came on with fresh delight,
To cheer the soul, and charm the sight."

"Valerius" has ceased to strike the strings of the Horatian lyre, and yet

neque tibias
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Lesboüm refugit tendere barbiton.

A Masonic Ode, descriptive of Evening, the production of the Revd. J. M. Harris, an amiable man, and ingenious poet, merits an acknowledgment, in particular for the beauty of the ensuing simile.

The sun has declined, and the shadows of night
Far on to the westward extend now their sway:
The world is in darkness, but we are in light,
More resplendent than that which illumin'd the day.
Thus favoured of God, those in Goshen who dwelt
Had light in their dwellings, and light in their mind,
While o'er Egypt was darkness, which might have been felt,
From Nature obscur'd, and from Intellect blind.

Our prospect of a personal interview with M. which *in the distance* appeared bright and clear, is, by an accidental cloud, at present, obscured. But we anticipate giving him the rendezvous in winter, when, with a voice of no fictitious gaiety, we will welcome the wanderer, and exclaim to the Thaliarchus of our household,

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens, atque benignius
Deprome *quadrimum* Sabinâ
merum diotâ.

"The Day" appears to be enjoyed by the public. From no groveling splenetic have we heard a malevolent phrase against its temperature, nor do the Coffee-house critics exclaim, This is a *dull* Day, or a *damn'd* Day.

This is the final number of the first volume of our NEW SERIES. The success, with which it has been crowned, has exceeded the expectations of the Editor. After a silence of five years, he intends, in the next Port Folio, to give an account of his stewardship; to detail something of the past, and anticipate something of the future. Meanwhile, to his laborious associates, fatigued with six months' care, and oppressed by midsummer heat, he exclaims, with the sanguine Teucer of HORACE,

Nunc vino pellite curas,
Cras INGENS ITERABIMUS ÆQUOR.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

Oh that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yea, I should not be despised!

I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, who would instruct me: I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine, of the juice of my pomegranate: his left hand should be under my head, and his right hand should embrace me. I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, until he please!

Sol. Song, Chap. 8.

Oh that thou wert like him, who drew
Life from the same maternal breast;
No crimson should my cheek imbue,
When I thy lips in secret prest!

Home I'd persuade thee to return,
With me domestic bliss to prove;
And, from my mother, I would learn,
To keep thee, all the lore of love.

Thy lip should rich delicious wine,
My own pomegranate-vintage, taste;
On thy left hand my head recline,
And thy right arm enfold my waist.

When such a heaven of bliss we share,
Should sleep exhausted nature seize,
Maids of Jerusalem, forbear,
To wake my love, until he please!

What stranger, from the wilderness,
Comes leaning on her love?—the maid,
Whom once I wak'd, with chaste caress,
Beneath the citron's spreading shade!

Within that consecrated grove,
Thy parent first embraced her child;
There first, the pledge of virtuous love,
Gazed on her mother's face, and smil'd.

Set me a bracelet on thine arm,
And on thy heart my image lay;
The spell shall drive, with potent charm,
The fiend of jealousy away.

The cruel fiend, greedy as death,
No art can soothe, no flattery tame,
Whose eyes are burning coals, whose breath,
A scorching, all-devouring flame.

Love ever pure and constant burns,
No floods can quench his heavenly light,
Nor Wealth corrupt him, for he spurns
The sordid miscreant from his sight.

*To *****, on bidding Good Night.*

Wilt thou, inhuman girl! depart,
Nor this auspicious moment prize?—
For ever would my dancing heart,
Sport in the sunbeam of thine eyes!

Let us embrace the present hours;
Seize the coy damsels as they fly!
Strew'd in thy path, life's fragrant flow'rs,
With time, shall wither, droop, and die.

The spring of life invites to love;
The voice of Nature cries—"Obey!
"Your present golden hours improve,
"Nor linger till a distant day!

"The joys which youth, and health, inspire,
"To fond, to faithful, friendship give;
"When age extinguishes desire,
"My children, 'tis too late to live!"

When hope beguiles my weary hours,
Illusive phantoms cheat my view;
My fair enchantress, thine are powers,
To make ideal pleasures true!

Sweet girl, thou would'st not quench the flame,
My breast no longer can conceal;
Thou would'st not *all* my passion blame,
If thou could'st half its transports feel!

CAVALIER.

EPIGRAMS.

To a Voluminous Writer.

Think not, friend Quill, applause to gain
Because so much you write,
What says the old proverbial strain?
"A lark is worth a kite."

Who seeks to please all men, each way,
And not himself offend;
He must begin his work to day,
But God knows when he'll end.

A Prodigy indeed.

To Cato once a frighted Roman flew;
The night before a rat had gnaw'd his shoe,
Terrible omen, by the gods decreed!
Chear up, my friend, said Cato, mind not that
Though if, instead, your shoe had gnaw'd the rat,
It would have been a prodigy indeed.

On the Coat of Arms of a certain Brutal Nobleman.

The coat exactly well his manners suits;
How near akin the master and the brutes!
His qualities were ne'er so well exprest,
Wolves his supporters, and a *bear* his crest.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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